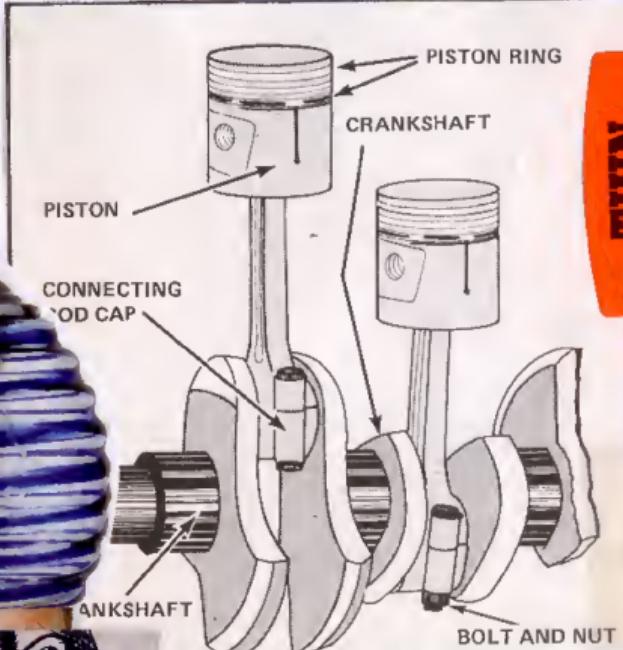


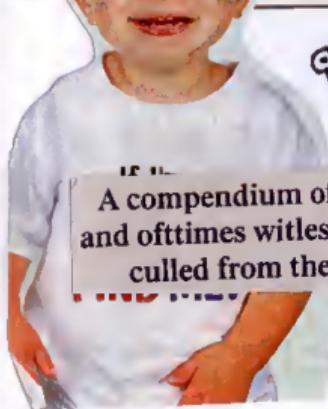
DADADA

the remarkable

Three different books—maybe even for three different readers. But, boy oh boy, does this group deliver pure pleasure.



! I am DADA am I ?



INCREDIBLE

0

CONTRIBUTOR'S COPY
THANKS EVERYONE —



who created the
original scripts that were adapted and used

new site ground it, it went I. this site never sees the light of day again. A

A

5



1

BEHIND

PILLOWS

Marsh Fluffy

Seven

which

The very nature of dada is to attack itself.
To create itself out of itself. Ouroboros.



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B R A I N S S I N N E S S A U S A S E G A S S U



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· D O O L B R U O Y K O O S L L I W T I



· Y A W A K L A W I P H T A E V A E L



U O Y S A U O Y U K C A M S R O O D E H T



· E V A E L

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"Found an utterly lovely little cove to fish from was just settling down with my canoe pole when some rather loud campers came by on an ATV,



and he will go over all of our programs



so I packed it all in and moved further along the trail."



Eau de Natural Dads By Justice Dotweeb

Dadissim is the shiest of the fit world though if
is more gaudy in its apphication. It exists not
but it does not believe in itself. It does not
make st~~it~~ put st~~it~~ is made. It is the ~~unshy~~ism of
dadissim that has made the treasury of dadissim
tinder or. Dads must be a ~~greasy~~ because.....

"dad is dead" long live dadis! "A ~~greasy~~ dies
as consciousness is born. Only the memory of
superconsciousness ~~lingers~~ our. The treasury of st~~it~~ is...
this died; the memory of st~~it~~ is... ... dadis!



DUE SOUTH

This will be the fifth spider who has visited me under my boot.
The first one I smashed, the second I chased away, and the last

I was walking along a beautiful hiking trail, minding my own business when I was suddenly attacked by a thirty-foot long Wildly Poisonous Black Tree Viper. After a brief and manful struggle with WPBT I emerged victorious, none the worse for wear, and went on about my nature walk."



a thirty-foot long Wildly Poisonous Black Tree Viper.

A picnic basket filled with pumpernickle bread and a crumbling mound of fetta sits inconspicuously under the shade of a large bush. A tinted green bottle of cheap kitchen wine has tipped over and is spilling onto the sand, mingling with the particles and emulsifying into a paste.

On the hot sand an Asiatic woman in a black one-piece is being pleasured by a pink octopus the size of a sofa. Its tentacles find their way into every opening her body has to offer. It wears reading lenses and takes long, absent drags from a fat cigar as the woman moans and convulses spasically.

Two flabby children bury dad under a mountain of wet sand, their wispy blonde hair shining like gold tinsel under the sun. Their mother watches from underneath a large red and white polka-dotted umbrella, feigning interest in a small book of crossword puzzles as she anxiously gnaws the cap of her plastic pen. Behind her big black sunglasses her eyes get fat and pulsate, and a drop of saliva forms on the corner of her lips.

A small hermit crab makes a used condom its home, dragging the translucent semen encrusted rubber triumphantly like a cape across the beach and into the water. It thinks it's Superman and I don't have the heart to tell it otherwise.

I urinate in the water. It seems like the only rational thing to do.



Brent, his mouth still agape
except his lips now trembling and

some spittle rising to the brim,

almost spilling over the edge,

turned to Clyde, and once again peered at his shirt.

His eyes locked in on the blue cloth.

More than a billion wrinkles.

Clydes shirt was the most

wrinkled

piece of fabric hed ever seen.

Flashing wrinkles like silver plastic snowflakes floating inside a huge crystal ball. Corrugated folds like crow's feet in a riverbed. Brent couldn't believe the amount of crisp and shriveled ripples. He gasped at the abundance of twisting random folds in the cloth before him. Brent had never noticed any wrinkles in any of his friends' shirts before that moment.

SO MUCH BLOOD ON THE STREETS. CRAZY SLIMY THINGS DARTING, INTO BUS STATIONS

AND ALLEYWAYS. THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US. ALWAYS TRYING TO KILL US. THEY'RE

AWARE OF THE TRANSMITTERS IN OUR HEADS. THE ONES THAT CALL OUT TO PARTS

UNKNOWN. PARTS UNKNOWN HAVEN'T ANSWERED YET, BUT I'M CONFIDENT THEY WILL

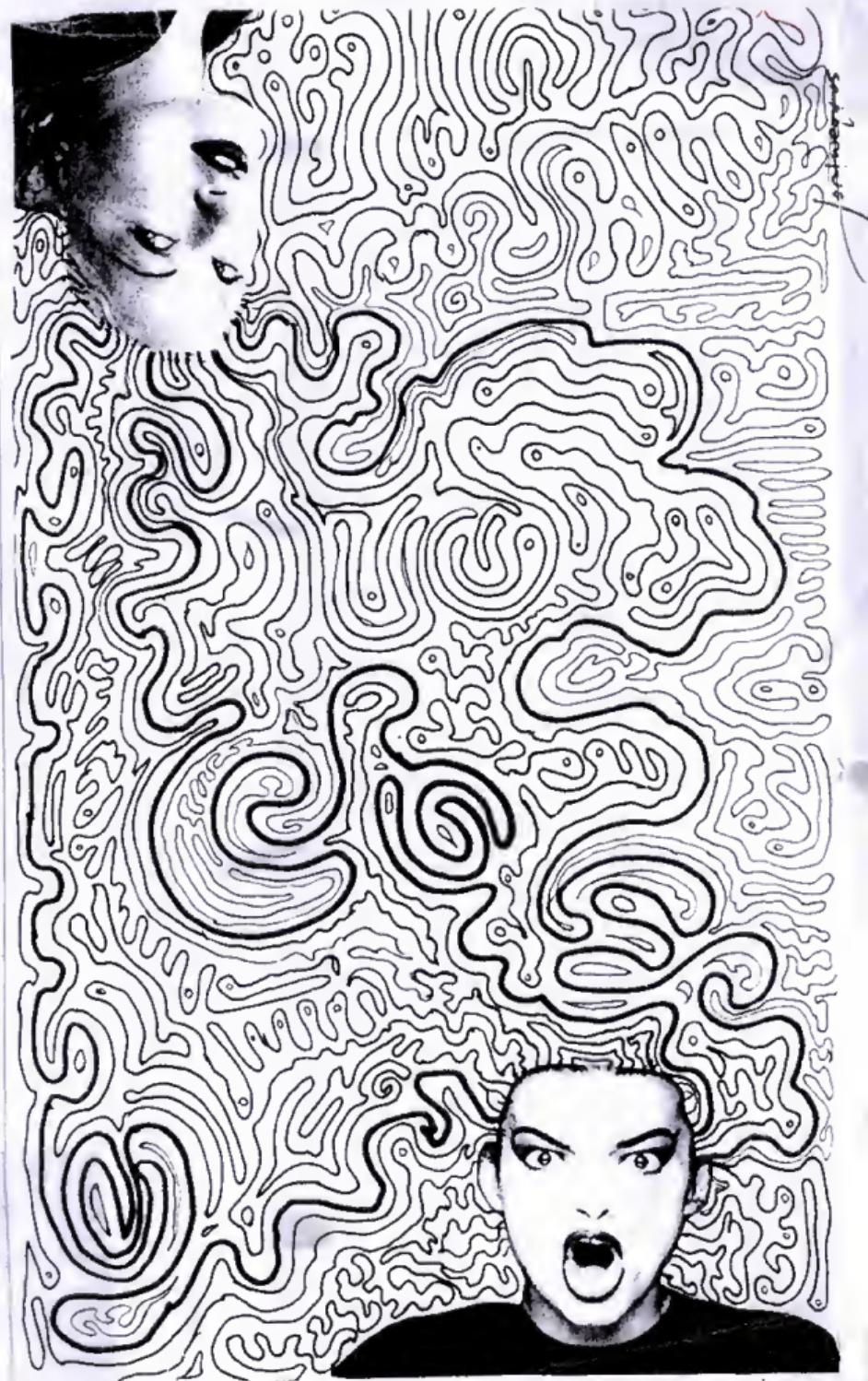


SOON.

'JUST GIVE IT TIME', DR. RASMUSSEN TOLD ME. I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHO DR.

RASMUSSEN IS. HE FLOATS AROUND IN A RED MIST, HAS A MOUTH OF A THOUSAND

STARS, AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW.



JOHNSON EXPANDS LIKE A UNIVERSE THROUGH SILKEN SILVER SEAS

JOHN

NIXON dances in the fire atop a match head

NIXON



Taft

rumbles through the cosmos on dire winds of green



① ②

sows human heads to kill hunger pains

Calter

rides greased lightning past heaven's gate.

illMORE:





Horified witnesses see creature
eat famous scientist alive!

WORLD NEWS

80 MILLION PEOPLE.
DINOSAURS CAPTURED IN BRAZILIAN JUNGLE!

PREHISTORIC BEAST WRENDS 20
FOOT & HAS ARMOUR-PLATED SKIN

learn more about the craftsman
different states across the U.S.

4 this
SUCKS!

SURE

by

CHOCOLATEBLOODRUSHPATTYCAKE

living life in a paper bag, my scRotum has grown to the size of an elephant. i stomp through the afterlife with rotting yellow teeth, the mouth of a clOwn floating idly by my side. the world bleeds chocolate resonance through defiant whispers of emptY molasses. i lift my fingers to touch your brains, but my lack of Carnal knowledge prevents me from doing much damage. the opEratic militia of organic design will rape and pillage your four-legged bride with a plethora of dIrty spoons. the fifth dimension will envelope itself around your eyelids, leaving you unConscious and irritable, yet subtle enough for afternoon sex with chimpanzees. diagnOsis; you will find yourself feeling relaxed and calm on a bed of rusty Nails.

Just when you thought it was safe

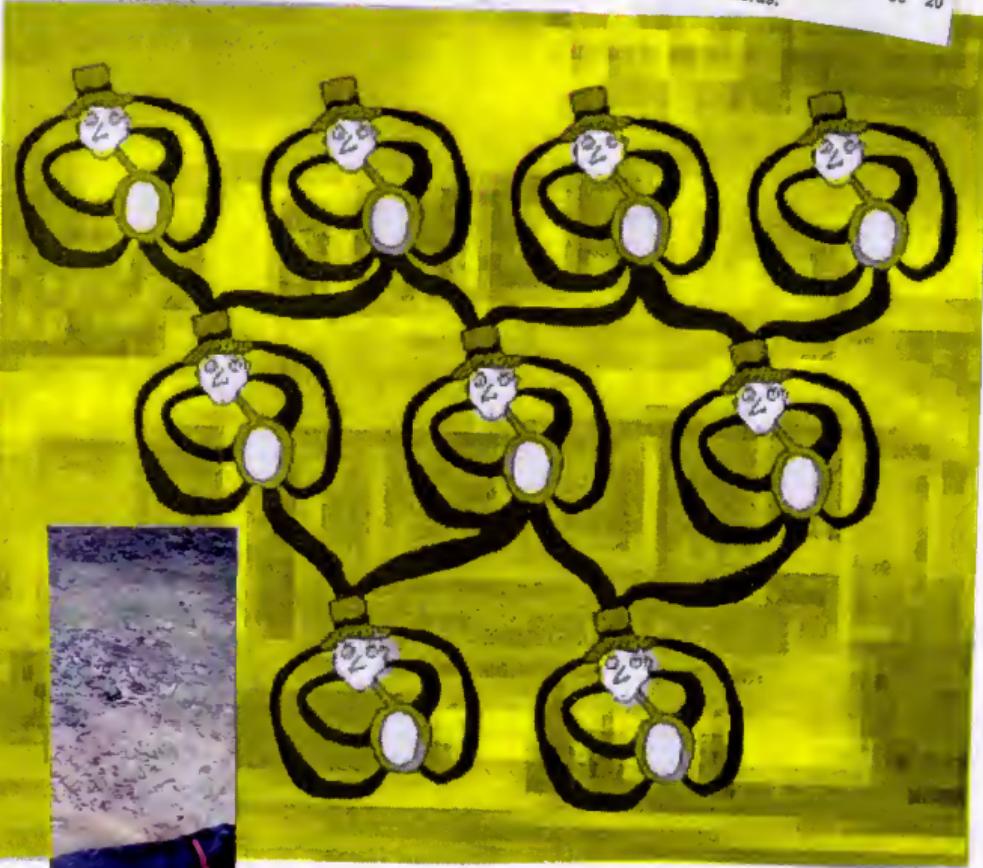
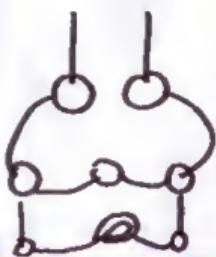


FROZEN
PREVIOUSLY

ESTIMADO CLIENTE

Por favor use esta información para montar el sillín en la bicicleta. No haga caso de las especificaciones de par de torsión para los pernos y/o las tuercas de la abrazadera del sillín que figuran en la parte final del Manual de Instrucciones. Sujete las tuercas y/o pernos a un par de torsión de 20 pies-libras.

LONDON BROIL

Ego Equation^{#1}



It shows me a strange reality
in tiny sixty second segments
subconsciously, slyly suggests
the visions it presents are real.
If I don't believe do I still exist?

Having once worked
in a corporate salve camp,
and escaped through the wrinkled, mazed mind
of a ladder-legged redhead
(recalling a threesome I once had with one woman)
I practiced making etchings in my skin
(except for the threesome, that wasn't me.)

I once danced with the King of Sweden, was that you?
Corporate run salve camps...now that sounds disgusting.
I mean, do they MAKE salve or just use it?
Now THERE'S a name I couldn't forget
(even with liberal applications of chemicals and area-specific neurosurgery.)
Perhaps it was hot-air ballooning with the MontGolfiers,
(were you in that sort of orangish gondola?)

Didn't you once shout your name in an otherwise empty train station?

Thinking the station was empty, I shouted my name
Trying to summon myself,
the acoustics were perfect.
Screaming in a giant amplifier,
(I could not reach heaven)
Not yet, it seems.
(the timing was impeccable)

Heard you? Empty? It was.
I walked through a week later,
and a moth whispered your name in my ear.
That must be where I Heard of you.
(The moth was surprised to find that it wasn't it you were summoning)
as it had appeared just as you shouted.
(It spent that week thinking it was, in fact, you.)

Irrelephant (staring through the knothole in Grandpa's wooden leg)



DEAR CUSTOMER

Please use this information when you assemble the Saddle to the bicycle. Disregard the torque range specifications for the Saddle Clamp bolts and/or nuts in the back of the Instruction Book. Torque to the Saddle Clamp nuts and/or bolts to 20 foot-pounds.



This is the JUKEBOX!
She bags for you
up in the whoo

She tries to give me money for the jukebox, and wants to buy me bags of cheese popcorn, but I quit letting her over a year ago.

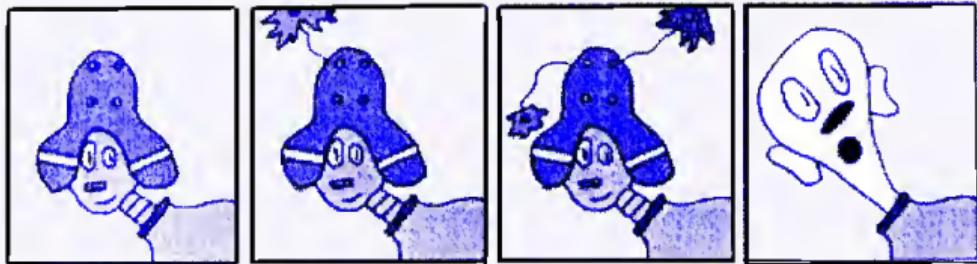
Plain Text Attachment [[Download File](#) | [Save to Yahoo! Briefcase](#)]

We are currently on our cards.
Drastically seeing or immensely removing.
This will prove?
Believe in them. These.
The experiences withdraw our foaces.



Plain Text Attachment [[Download File](#) | [Save to Yahoo! Briefcase](#)]

14-year-old severe face
Doctors couldn't revive the results
Nine-hour trains exercise
Round-up the dedication
Survival as a plain zebra head
Your underbelly protects the misaligned knees
Abundant drama
Life-and-death drama



Dada (dä'dä, -dä), **n.** [*Fr.*; *prob.* <*child's org.*>], a cult (1910-1922) in art and literature characterized by satiricism and irrationality, formless expression of supposedly subconscious matter; also *Dadaism*. —*Dadaist*, *adj.* & *n.*

Lençeln

The Gettesberg Eddress - E Speech be Ebrehem Lenceln
 The Feerscere end seven eers ege eer fethers breeght ferth en thes
 "Feerscere end seven eers ege eer fethers breeght ferth en thes
 centenent e new neteen, cenceeved en leberte end dedelected te the
 prepeseteen that ell men ere creeted equeel...."

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VISIT DADA YOW'S ON-LINE GALLERIES, MANIFESTOS & FRIENDS

<http://www.OmphalosDada.org>

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